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This new and commodious hotel, built to meet

the pressing demand for accommodations, situated

in the beautiful scenery of Montfort Springs,

will be opened on the 1st of June.

For the season of 1872.

THE COLUMBIAN HOUSE.

Factory Point, (Manchester), Vermont.

Open for Transient Visitors at Reduced Rates

from May 1st, 1872. This house is centrally

located, and well furnished throughout. Rooms large and

dry, ventilation perfect. No place will be spared

to make it a first-class hotel in every respect.

Terms reasonable.

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First-class hotel, with all the modern improve-

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By J. W. CAMPBELL.

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Beaumont Mountain, N. J.

Is now open. This hotel is greatly improved

and will be found in first class order.

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By H. W. DAVIS, Proprietor.

There are three lines of routes that leave this

house. Daily for Boston, 7:30 weekly for Win-

chester and Burlington, connecting at Brattleboro

with Vt. Central Railroad. 7:30 weekly for Len-

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Railroad. A good laundry connected with the

house. For Pass. Cars to and from the cars. 4500

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This house will be open for the reception of

Summer boarders the first of June.

E. M. YANDELL, Proprietor.

817

THE EQUINOX HOUSE.

(Foot of Mt. Equinox.)

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By F. B. ORVIS, Proprietor.

Open from June to October.

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Open from May to November.

871

WINDHAM COUNTY HOUSE.

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Placid Rooms for Summer Boarders.

Terms reasonable.

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561

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By GEO. W. BAKER, Proprietor.

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at reasonable prices. 42-1515

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Terms Moderate.

Nice Rooms for Summer Boarders.

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817

A SEVADA FUNERAL.

There was a grand time over Buck Fan-

shaw when he died. He was a representa-

tive citizen. He had "killed his man,"

not in his own quarrel, it is true, but in

the defense of a stranger beset by man-

ners. He had kept a suspicious silence.

He had been the proprietor of a dashing

help-meet, whom he could have discarded

without the formality of a divorce. He

had held a high position in the fire de-

partment, and had been a very Warwick

in politics. When he died there was

a great lamentation throughout the town,

but especially in the vast bottom stratum

of society.

On the inquest it was shown that Buck

Fanshaw, in the delirium of a wasting ty-

phoid fever, had taken arsenic, shot him-

self through the body, cut his throat and

jumped out of a four-story window and

broke his neck; and after due delibera-

tion the jury said and true, but with in-

telegence unimpaired by his sorrow,

brought in a verdict of death "by the vis-

itation of God." What could the world

do without juries?

Prodigious preparations were made for

the funeral. All the vehicles in the town

were hired, and all the saloons were put

in mourning, and the municipal and fire

company flags were hung at half mast,

and all the firemen ordered to muster in

uniform and bring their machines duly

draped in black.

Regretful resolutions were passed and

various committees were appointed;

among others a committee of one was ap-

pointed to call on a minister—a fragile,

gentle, spiritual new fledgling from an

eastern theological seminary; and as yet

unacquainted with the ways of the mines.

The committee-man, "Scotty" Briggs,

made his visit.

Being admitted to his presence, he sat

down before the clergyman, placed his

fire hat on an unfinished manuscript ser-

mon under the minister's nose, took from

it a red silk handkerchief, wiped his brow

and heaved a sigh of dismal impressiveness

and explanatory of his business. He

choked and even shed tears, but with an

effort he mastered his voice, and said, in

ingratiating tones:

"Are you the duck that runs the gospel

mill next door?"

"Am I that—the pardon me, I believe I do

not understand?"

"With another sigh and half sob Scotty

rejoined:

"Why you see we are in a bit of trouble,

the boys thought maybe you'd give us a

lift, if we'd tackle you, that is, if I've got

the rights of it and you are the clerk of

the dogology works next door."

"I am the shepherd in charge of the flock

whose fold is next door."

"The which?"

"The spiritual advisor of the little com-

pany of believers whose sanctuary ad-

joins these premises."

Scotty scratched his head, reflected a

moment and then said:

"You rather hold over me, pard. I

reckon I can't call that hand."

"How? I beg your pardon. What did

I understand you to say?"

"Well you've rather got the bulge on

me. Or maybe we've both got the bulge

somehow. You don't smoke me and I

don't smoke you. You see one of the boys

has passed in his checks, and we want to

give him a good send off, and so the thing

I'm on now is to rout out somebody to

jerk out a little chip-music for us, and

walks him through handsome."

"My friend, I seem to grow more and

more bewildered. Your observations are

wholly incomprehensible to me. Cannot

you simplify them some way? At first I

thought perhaps I understood you, but

now I guess. Would it not expedite

matters if you restricted yourself to cat-

egorical statements of fact unimpaired

by obstructing accumulation of meta-

phor and allegory?"

"Another pause, and more reflection.

Then Scotty said:

"I'll have to pass, I judge."

"You've raised me out, pard."

"I still fail to catch your meaning."

"Why, that last word of yours is too

many for me—that's the idea, I can't

neither trip nor follow up."

"The clergyman sank back in his chair

perplexed. Scotty leaned his head on his

hand, and gave himself up to reflection.

Presently his face came up, sorrowful but

confident.

"I've got it now, so's you can savvy"

said he. What we want is a gospel-sharp.

"See?"

"A what?"

"Gospel-sharp, pard."

"Oh! why did you not say so before? I

am a clergyman—a parson."

"Now you talk! You see my blind

and straddled like a man. 'Pard there! ex-

treating a brawny jaw, which closed over

the minister's small hand and gave it a

shake indicative of fraternal sympathy

and fervent gratification."

"Now we are all right, pard. Let's start

fresh. Don't you mind me shuffling a

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